



# Sterling

PRESENTS

## The Adventures of **PETER WHEAT**

**T**he heavy rains of the season have swollen the meadow creek and stopped the little people of the wheat field from delivering flour to Sammy Sweet's jolly bakers in the land of the Sugar Bun.

With the bridge washed out, it will be some time before we can bring in the flour, Sammy.

How about the birds? Could they carry some in baskets?

Most of the birds have not yet returned after the storm and besides, it is risky.

Aye, the Hornet Knights'll waylay the birds and dump the flour.

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Good—all set! Let's shove her over.

Heave!



Just a minute!  
Did you see  
something  
over there,  
Peter?



Not o  
thing.

Thought  
I saw an  
otter.



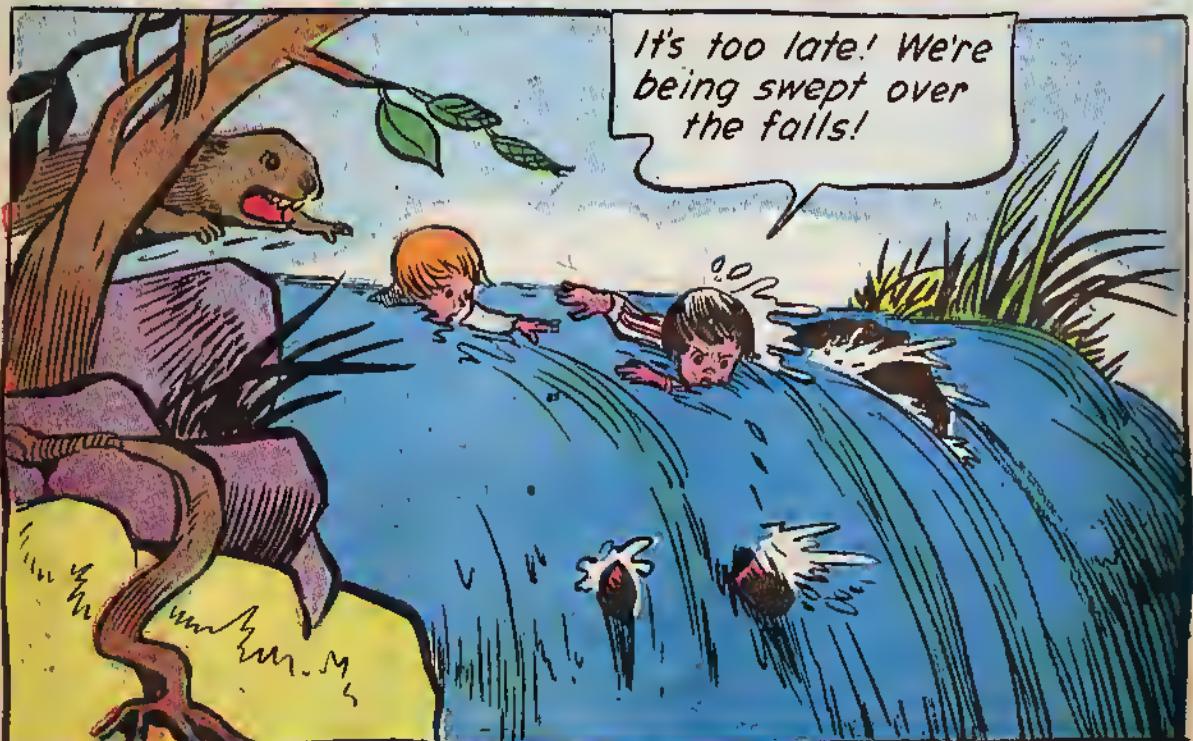
If you did, we're  
in trouble.

Aye, he'll be hungry.



Say! The  
grasses are  
moving!







The hungry killer's eyes  
rove over the water  
looking for the two.



Down he plunges  
after Peter and  
Sammy.



But search as  
he might, the  
otter cannot  
find them.



He peers at the  
grasses along  
the shore.



Oh, if he'll  
only pass us  
by without  
looking here!



He's going  
to look  
down-  
stream!



Poor Peter—  
he was knocked  
unconscious...

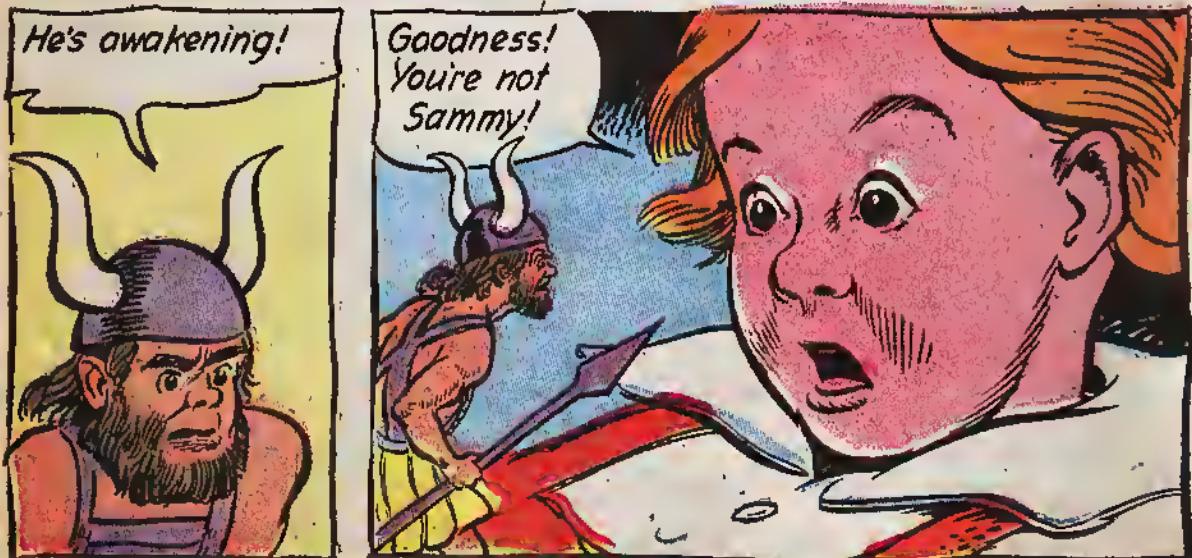
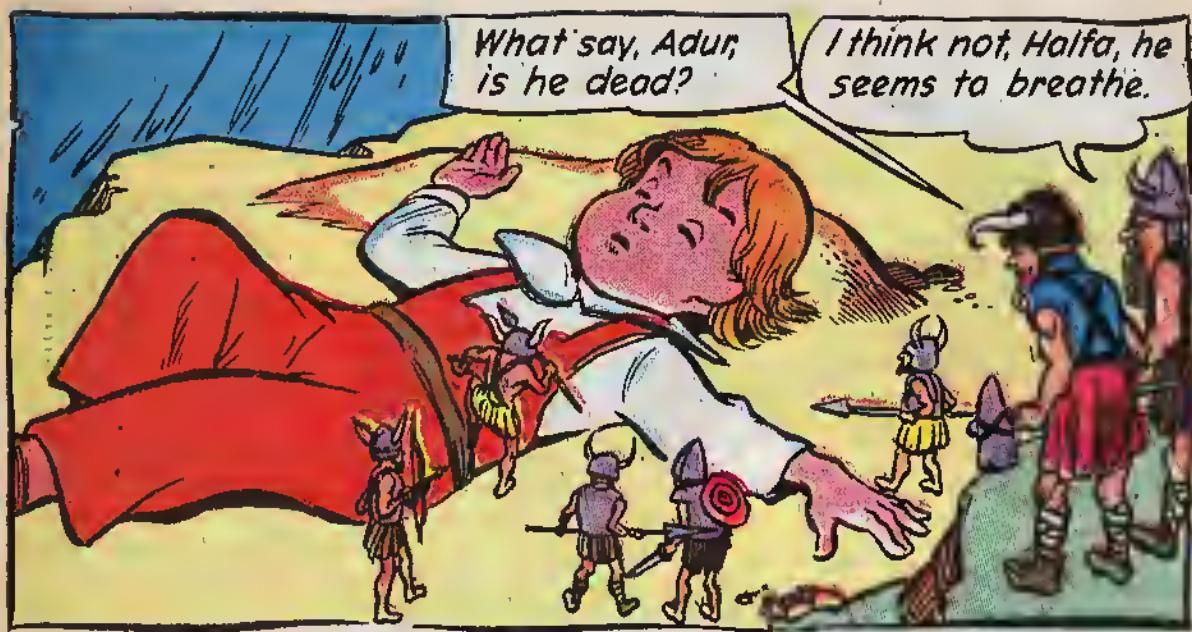


I'll drag him  
behind the  
waterfall  
onto the  
rocky ledge.



He's going away!  
Never thought of  
looking behind  
the waterfall!!





Who are you people?

We're the Rock-Norse; who are you?

Why, I've heard of you people — no bigger than aphids! I'm Peter Wheat!

Hail, Peter Wheat! You can save us! Hail!

How can I help you?

I am the chief. My name is Adur... Our ranks are thin, Peter—but they are split by a terrible war... within our race... An evil one, Thigor by name, would seize the throne. **YOU** can prevent this.



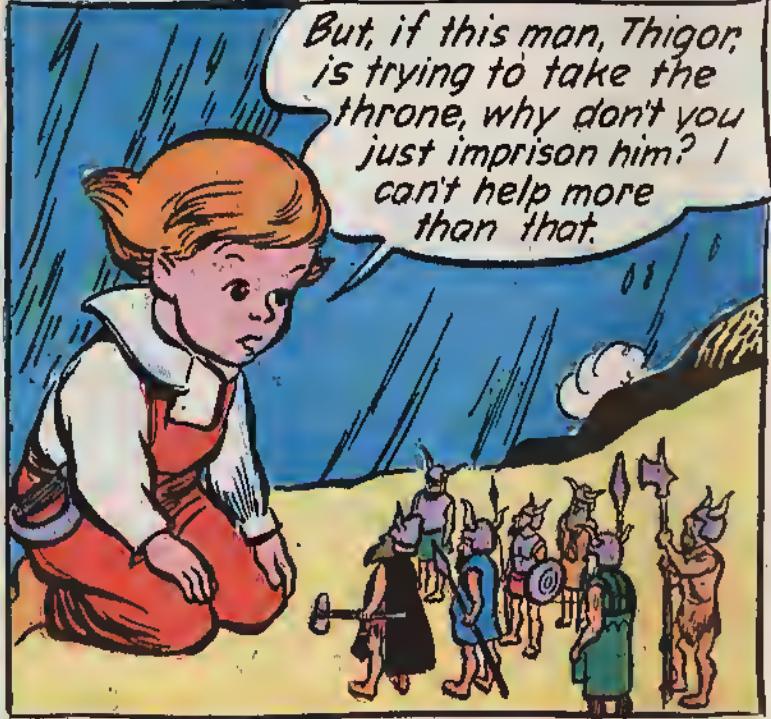
Of course I'll help if I can—but I don't want to fight ogoinst one tiny man.



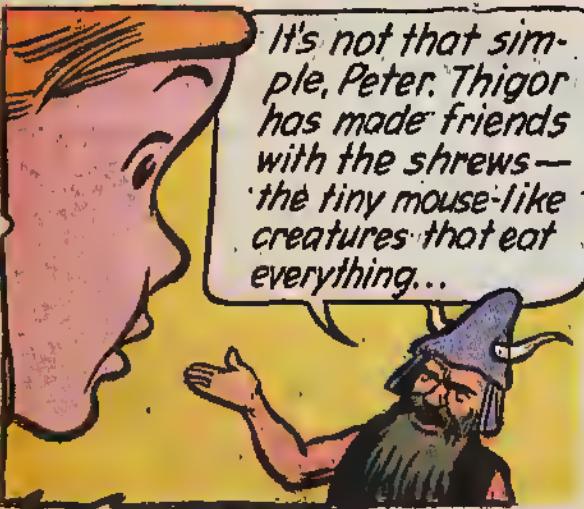
Nay—we have several who are mightier fighters than Thigor...



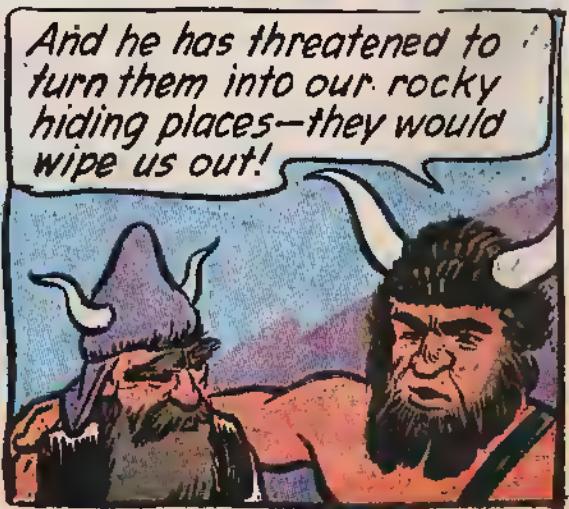
Thigor is wily—and mischievous...he gets others to fight for him...therein lies the trouble.



But, if this man, Thigor, is trying to take the throne, why don't you just imprison him? I can't help more than that.



It's not that simple, Peter. Thigor has made friends with the shrews—the tiny mouse-like creatures that eat everything...

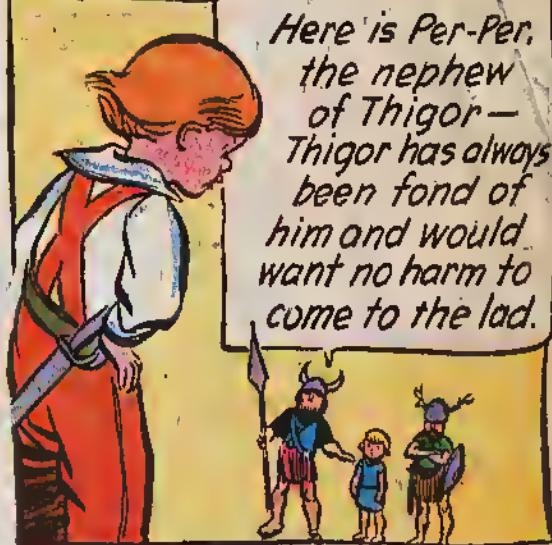


And he has threatened to turn them into our rocky hiding places—they would wipe us out!

He's a fool to be friendly with the shrews. Show me where he is. And there must be someone among you of whom Thigor is fond-fetch such a person.



Here is Per-Per, the nephew of Thigor—Thigor has always been fond of him and would want no harm to come to the lad.



Up on yonder embankment lives Thigor in an old rat hole. A shrew lives nearby.

Per-Per, if you'll trust me maybe we can put an end to this trouble.

Aye, Peter.



Just be quiet and don't act surprised at anything I do.



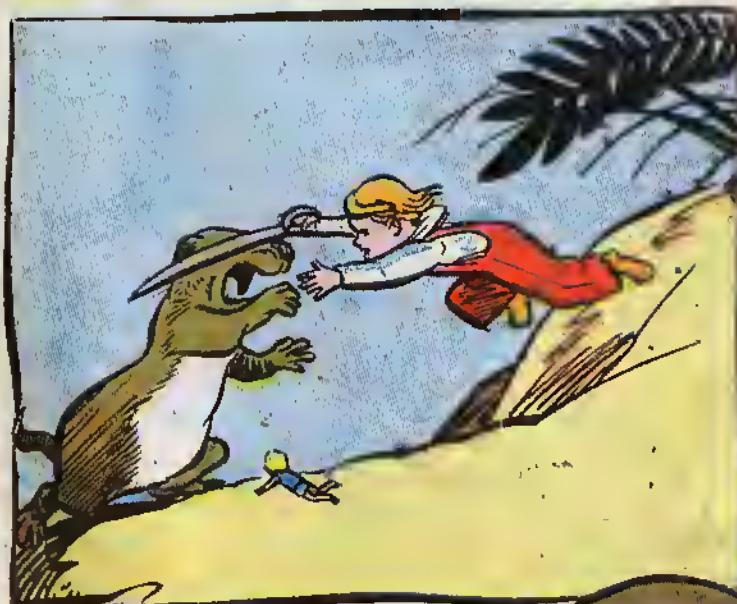
Ho, Thigor! I've captured Per-Per, and he is in my power!

What? How did you get hold of Per-Per?





I dropped Per-Per—he's  
rolling right into the  
shrew's jaws!





The shrew splashes into the stream—there is a flash of brown...



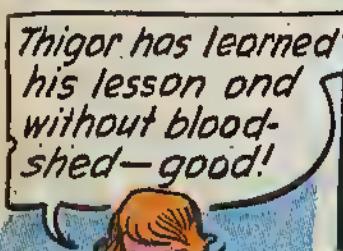
And the otter finally gets his breakfast.



So end all traitors, Thigor! Take your nephew back to the Rack-Norse and think no more of treachery.

I'm sorry—I was wrong.

You've made me ashamed, Peter!



Thigor has learned his lesson and without bloodshed—good!



Peter! The little folk and the bakers are moving the flour across the river—we've been worried about you—where were you?

Oh—I was busy.

Did the otter return?  
What have you there?

New-found  
friends!

Why, they're smaller  
than me, even—and  
look! There's more of  
them!



